

COBBETT'S WEEKLY POLITICAL REGISTER.

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LONDON, SATURDAY, JAN. 4, 1816.

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ADVERTISEMENTS.

The Cheap Register is now publishing to the *trade only*, at No. 8, Catherine Street, Strand, London, at which place that Trade, in Country as well as Town, will please to apply. The price to Newsmen, Booksellers, and other Retailers, is 12s. 6d. a hundred; and, to those in the Country, who take a thousand a week, or more, regularly, 11s. a hundred.—This present Number begins Vol. 32, which will be closed at the end of six months.—Any one may be supplied with complete sets from No. 15 to 26 of the last volume; that is to say, with all the *Cheap Registers*.—Correspondents will please to address their letters, *post-paid*, to WILLIAM COBBETT, Jun. who wishes to engage a couple of men, who have been used to selling news about the streets.

PAPER AGAINST GOLD.

Having about 200 copies of this work, and wishing them to be read at this critical time, I shall sell them to the Trade at 8s. a copy, and retail at 10s. a copy. The work consists of 2 Vols. octavo, very well printed, on fine paper, and bound in boards. The retail price was 20s. but, I wish to have the work read now, and, therefore, I have reduced the price in order to meet the poverty of the times, of which times the work itself is a prophecy.—It contains a history of the Bank, the Debt, the Revenue, the Poor-Rates, the Stoppage of the Bank, and of all the curious manœuvres of that time. It does, in short, leave nothing unknown, appertaining to that dreadful system of Taxation, Loans and Paper-Money, which has finally brought this country to ruin and misery, which ruin and misery are not only foretold in this work,

but the reasons are given and the proof produced, why such a result ought to be expected.—This work contains the fruit of part of the hours of that imprisonment, which my enemies hoped and expected to kill me.—The time is now nearly at hand, when those few principles and predictions of this work which yet remain unfulfilled, will be put to the test; and, as I have once before said, by this work let my reputation as a political economist, stand or fall.

A
NEW YEAR'S GIFT

TO

OLD GEORGE ROSE,

On the Workings of Corruption's Press.—On the Romsey Impostor, JACKSON.—On CHAPPEL, the Pall Mall Impostor.—On the vile calumnies published by WALTER of the Times.—On the Saving Bank Bubble.—On the Scheme for preventing the Labouring People from Marrying.—On his Sinicures.

Peckham Lodge, January 1, 1817.

Well, GEORGE! how do you feel now? Do you not think, that the drama is drawing towards a close? Since the time, when I was shouldering a musket in the army, and when you were serving out grog and slops in the navy, what wonderful events have taken place! We have both been considerable actors in this grand drama; and our manner of acting may now be reviewed with a better chance of justice to us both than upon any former occasion. You have received immense sums of the public money; I have never received a farthing of that money, while I have paid away from my family more than

fifteen thousand pounds in taxes. You have written pamphlets to urge the people on to war against the people of France; you have frequently foretold, in these publications, that the sinking fund would lower the Debt, and that prosperity would be the result of the measures of the government, in which measures you have had a great share. I have, for more than eleven years, been opposed to all your assertions and opinions; I have foretold national ruin and misery as the result of those measures; you have become possessed of immense wealth and fine mansions and estates, while I have been put two years into a felon's jail and have paid TO THE KING a thousand pounds sterling in the shape of a fine. Yet, GEORGE, I question whether I am not pretty nearly as happy as you are! I am convinced, besides, that *time and events* have not yet done with us. Our hostile assertions and opinions have been pretty well put to the test already; but, the exposure of the trial is not yet nearly so full as it shortly will be. The approaching Session of Parliament will open millions of pairs of eyes, which have been glued up by false alarms for the last twenty-five years. And, here am I, at my post, fresh from the fields, with a brace of sons, bred up in a mortal hatred of all that I so lastly hate, ready to stick fast to the skirts of the system, having only to regret, that Pitt, Dundas, and Perceval are not alive, and most sincerely wishing good health to you, to Canning, and to Castlereagh.

In the meanwhile, I think it not unuseful to address you upon some matters by way of preparation to the grand scenes that we are about to behold. And, first, on the *base attempts of Corruption's press*, particularly with regard to myself, and more especially through the means of one JACKSON of Romsey in Hampshire, and of a bookseller, named, CHAPPEL, in Pall Mall, London.

I was not weak enough to suppose, that, when the Register began to find its way throughout the kingdom to

the extent of between twenty and thirty thousand every week, that Corruption's sons would not make a stir. Indeed, when, after a silence of more than seven years, the corrupt proprietors of the Times, Courier, Morning Post, and Sun, were galled into the assertion of that audacious falsehood of Mr. Hunt and myself being engaged in plotting with my Lord Cochrane in the King's Bench Prison, while I was at Peckham in Surry and Mr. Hunt at Wanstead in Essex, I was not at all surprised. I knew, that there was no falsehood, of which they were not capable; I knew their minds and hearts to be fashioned to the inventing and the perpetrating of any species and any degree of villainy; and, I was well aware, that the more decided their conduct in this way, the greater they would expect their profit to be.—These vile men appear to have believed, that something like a *treasonable plot* would be *made out*, by hook or by crook; and, upon this belief, they, at once, ventured upon the infamous assertion before-mentioned, and added, in the most positive terms, that I, having assisted in *contriving and preparing the plot*, set off to Botley, *the night before it was to be put in execution*; though I have been in and near London from the middle of November to this day. And yet these atrocious men have the effrontery to call upon the law-officers of the Crown to punish even petitioners as *libellers*! Their object in these bold falsehoods, was, to cause the nation to believe, that all who contend for a Reform of the Parliament, have it in view to excite people to *riot* and to commit *assassinations*. About 200 desperate men, consisting chiefly of starving sailors, they magnify into a formidable *insurrection*, and, which men, though they had arms in their hands, did no violence to any body, except in the unlawful seizure of the arms and in the wounding (if that really *was so*) of one man who attempted to stop them, and who laid hold of one of them. This contemptible riot, which consisted of a less

number of persons than one half of the police-officers and constables who were actually on foot, was swelled up into a most formidable *insurrection*, and, though it was well known to every one in London, that the rioters had no connection whatever with the Meeting in Spa-fields, every endeavour was made use of by the corrupt press so to connect the two, that every person of property should feel *alarmed* whenever a Meeting for Reform was about to take place.

The people in the Country now know how false and malicious these representations were; but, the people in the Country are not yet fully acquainted with the infamy of the corrupt press upon this memorable occasion. As the matter now stands exposed, the exposure will do great good; but, still, justice has not yet been done to it. It is already known, that the first meeting in Spa-fields was called by an advertisement, signed by a person of the name of DYALL; that Mr. HUNT was invited and requested to attend that meeting; and that the meeting was conducted chiefly by him. It is already well known, that the words *plot*, *conspiracy* and *insurrection*, found in what were called Mr. PRESTON's "confessions" were *foisted* in by the infamous press, and that Mr. PRESTON never uttered any such words. And is not this a species of wickedness committed by nobody in the world but by the men who conduct this corrupt press? Was it ever before known, that men could with impunity publish a false statement of the examination of a prisoner, brought before a Magistrate on a criminal charge affecting the life of the prisoner? Was it ever before known, that men could, with impunity, put into the mouth of such prisoner, words which amounted to a confession of his having been guilty of treason? What means of defence has Mr. PRESTON against the prejudices which these men have thus excited against him? What means has he of obtaining *justice* against them? He must possess a large sum of money, before he can take one single step

towards the prosecution of them. And, they know that he has no money, while they are wallowing in wealth. Here, indeed, is a case which calls for the activity of the *law-officers of the Crown*; for, if a poor man's liberty and life are thus to be assailed with impunity, what safety is there for him?

But, still, base and infamous as the conduct of these sons of Corruption must appear, it is not seen in its true colours, until the following curious facts (stated in Mr. HONE's account of the Riots, part 2d.) are known to the world. DYALL, as appears by this statement, long before Mr. HUNT came to town for the *first* Meeting in Spa-fields, was taken before GIFFORD, a Police Justice. After some talk with Dyall, Gifford got him to shew him the Petition, or Address, or whatever else it was called, which he (Dyall) and his associates *intended to bring forward* at the said *first* meeting. Dyall, who had no idea of any thing wrong in what he was doing, suffered Gifford to take a copy of this curious document. "This to Lord Burleigh shall," Gifford seems to have parodied; and, away he sent it to Lord Sidmouth, the Secretary of State for the Home Department! Thus, then, did this very *chief conspirator*, Dyall, actually put the government in possession of what was meant to be moved upon the occasion! The petition, though it must have been harmless as to *intention*, did nevertheless contain some very gross absurdities, some wild projects, some of those whimsical projects and sentiments belonging to the *Spencean Plan*. Thus was the government in full possession of all that, as they must have thought, *was going to take place*. But, up came Mr. HUNT and spoiled the whole thing. When he came to the Meeting and had the document of Messrs. Dyall and Gifford presented to him: "Oh, no!" said he, "I will have nothing to do with *that*." In the end, he brought forward a set of Resolutions and a Petition *framed by himself*; and, of course, the document, the precious document, the "*trea-*

"sonable" document, as the *Courier* and *Times* called it, and which Gifford had so highly prized, was left to be a monument of the latter's sagacity and vigilance, but into the trammels of which Mr. HUNT's good sense and promptitude and straight-forward views prevented him from falling. But, now, mark, GEORGE, and, I hope, the people will mark it well. The *COURIER*, which is printed *about the middle of the day*, did, on the day of the meeting, state, that the meeting was at that moment going on, that the Petition had just been moved by Mr. HUNT, and that it was very *seditions* and *treasonable*, containing, amongst other things, a part which it then *inserted*. But, this part, was *a part of Dyall's document*, no part of which document was ever read at the Meeting from first to last! So that, it is clear, that, in the full tip-toe expectation, that Mr. HUNT would fall into the trammels of Dyall's document, *that document had been given to the proprietor of the Courier before hand!* Thus, was that son of corruption ready armed to pour out upon Mr. HUNT the charge of *treasonable* language, and thus did he send that charge forth amongst all the tax-eaters and all the timid fools all over the kingdom! How this darling son of Corruption came in possession of Dyall's document; *who* it was that gave it to him; *what* was the purpose which it was intended to answer: of these I shall leave the public to form their own opinion, and I am not at all afraid, that, with these facts before them, the great body of the people will derive confidence in the cause of Reform from the fate of this vile attempt to make it a subject of alarm.

From this odious picture of the more general efforts of Corruption's Press, I come to the particular instance of JACKSON at Romsey, which is only a few miles from your own prince-like mansion and estate. This JACKSON has published a paper, price *three half-pence*, the object of which is to *defame* me and to throw suspicion upon my motives. This paper is called

a *Register*, and *my name* is placed in *large characters*, at, or near, the head of it. So that here, merely in the typography of the thing, is a proof that this JACKSON and his abettors and patrons saw no hope of selling it, unless they could entice purchasers by the lure of *my name*. The manifest intention of the use of these names was to make people believe, that the work was *written by me*. Imposture, however, seldom succeeds in the end; and that this *Imposture*, though well enough contrived, has failed, the following curious facts will prove. JACKSON, the dirty tool at Romsey, has, it seems, a brother in London; or, at any rate, a person not ashamed to own that degree of relationship with the Romsey man, went, a few days ago, to Mr. HONE, Bookseller, in the Old Bailey, London, and offered him a parcel of the Romsey trash for sale. After some conversation upon the subject, Mr. HONE declined the purchase, giving it as his opinion, that the thing would not sell in London. He discovered from this brother, who very grossly calumniated me, that the Romsey Fabrication *would not sell in the Country*; as, indeed, how should it, seeing that it is a tissue of misrepresentations and lies, consisting of garbled extracts from my early writings, and being, all together, a mass of incomprehensible nonsense, having nothing intelligible to plain honest people, and being, in short, a poor feeble effort at malice against a man whose writings are so clear to the understanding, and so manifestly intended and tending to produce peace and happiness in the Country. Brother JACKSON, not finding Mr. HONE willing to purchase at a *penny* each, went on lowering his price, till he came to about a *half-penny*, observing to Mr. HONE, that *money* was not so much the object as *circulation*. At last, though tendered at this low price, he was obliged to carry his trash away, *four hundred* of them in number, with a recommendation from Mr. HONE to carry them to the *Trunk Makers!* Mr. HONE, however, upon reflection on

the baseness of such a transaction, and thinking that justice towards the public required that I should have the means of exposing it, and especially reflecting on what *Brother Jackson* had said to him about those *who were in the back ground* in this publication and about *money being no object* in the affair, went to, or sent for, *Brother Jackson*, bought his 400 papers for *ten shillings and sixpence*, which is a little more than *one farthing each*; and, of these 400 papers Mr. HONE has been so good as to make me *a present*, and I have them now actually in my possession, together with *Brother Jackson's receipt*, in the following words: "Received of Mr. HONE, 27. Dec. 1816, Half a Guinea for the Bundle of Romsey Register, sent to me for sale, 400 Copies." (signed) "DANIEL JACKSON."

Now, GEORGE, this man told Mr. HONE who were the *real authors* of this base and foolish performance; he told him besides, that he need be in *no fear of any prosecution* for publishing it; and he told him that he would be sure to *be safe in publishing against me*. But, GEORGE, I will not imitate the baseness of my and the people's enemies. I will repeat nothing against any one upon the words of such men as the Jacksons; but, I will say, that, according to *Brother Jackson's story*, it proves, that I was correct, when I said, that it was impossible for LORD PALMERSTONE to be guilty of an act so base, so cowardly, and so infamous. *Who* it really was, who was thus guilty, I will leave the people to guess, and will leave the guilty party to the hearty detestation and contempt of that same people. But, that the party, be he who he might, had *plenty of money at command* will appear clearly enough, if we observe, that the 400 sheets of paper did not cost less than *sixteen or eighteen shillings*, and that the printing could not have cost less than *sixteen shillings more*, to which if we add *half a crown for carriage* and a *shilling for postage*, here is a *loss of one pound five shillings* upon those 400

papers only; and, of course, the Romsey Jackson must be a person of rarely disinterested and most generous devotion to the cause of Corruption, or he must be supplied with money from *some quarter* other than his own purse. Not knowing the man, I cannot decide this question: you, who are his near neighbour, possibly may be able to form a better judgment on the subject.

Base as this trick is, there is one CHAPPEL, a Bookseller, in Pall Mall, London, who has been made the tool to play off a still baser trick. This man is a downright *Impostor*, without any possible shuffle; for he has advertised a thing, called, "*The Friend of the People, an entire NEW Work, by William Cobbett.*" This is a heap of trash also, a mass of misrepresentations and falsehoods, taking detached parts of my works, written many years ago, garbling them, and disfiguring the whole. But, what a proud thing for me, that the abettors of such men as this CHAPPEL, with all their means, are unable to get people even to *look into* their publications without *cheating* them into it by the use of *my name*, by making them believe, that the thing is actually *mine*! What! have I beat them all to this degree? Can they, amongst all the pensioned and sinecure authors, find no one who is able to write any thing that the public will look at, without stealing *my name* to put at the head of their things? If this do not satisfy my desire of fame and victory, nothing can. This Imposture of CHAPPEL has, I suppose, been borrowed from the *Ass*, who put on the *Lion's Skin*; and the trick answered very well 'till the *Ass* began to *bray*, or toote; but (and Chappel should remember it) the moment he opened his mouth, *his noise betrayed him*, and the people who had been imposed on by his outward appearance, cudgelled him soundly for his pains.

It has given me much satisfaction to perceive the great efforts which have been made use of to injure my character; because, always knowing

the charges against me to be either *false or ridiculous*, I have, of course, felt quite able, at all times to answer them, while the fact of their *being made* is a clear proof of the *great effect* which my writings are producing, and that is what I have principally in view. The press of Corruption, as if it acted under one common command, abstained from even alluding to me or my writings for more than *six years*. This was certainly wise; for, what was the use of showing hatred without being able to *answer*? Now, however, it has been unable to restrain itself. It has been so deeply stung, that it has cried out in spite of all its efforts to keep silence. Like a stubborn and hardened thief, under the lash of the beadle, it long bit its lips and writhed its limbs, seeming resolved not to cry out, but, at last, came a stripe in a tender part, and forth it bellowed its cries, mingled, thief-like, with lies and curses.

That old acquaintance of the Treasury, WALTER, has left a son, who is proprietor of the *Times* news-paper, and who first bursted forth upon this occasion. Not with any attempt to *answer me*. Oh, no! But to defame me *personally* and to excite suspicions as to my *motives*. This never did yet, and never can, weigh a hair against fact and argument. Besides, I have, many times, exposed the falsehood of the charges, which this man has made against me. Nevertheless, as some of my present readers may not have seen this exposure, and, as it embraces some very *interesting* and very *useful* information relative to the *press* of this country, I will here make the exposure again, and, I choose to make it in an address to *you*, because I mean to state some facts of which you had a perfect knowledge, and to challenge you to contradict me if you can.

The charges, which this man brings against me are these: FIRST, that, when about to be brought up for judgment at the time when I was so severely punished for writing about the flogging of the English Local Militia-Men in the County of Cambridge,

under the guard of German Troops, and for which writing I was sentenced to pass two years in a felon's jail, to pay a thousand pounds to THE KING and when all this had been suffered, to be held to bail for SEVEN YEARS, in the amount of THREE THOUSAND POUNDS myself and ONE THOUSAND POUNDS each my two sureties; when this sentence was about to be passed, WALTER says that I made a proposition to the government to this effect; that, if the proceedings were dropped; that is to say, that, if I were *not brought up for judgment*, but suffered to remain unmolested, *I never would publish another Register or any other thing*. Now, GEORGE, suppose this to have been *true*. Had I not a *right* to do this? Was there any thing dishonest or base in this? I was under no obligation to continue to write. The country had done nothing for me. I was in no way bound to sacrifice myself and family if I could avoid it. I was in the state of a soldier surrounded by an irresistible enemy; and, has a soldier so situated ever been ashamed to ask his life and to accept of it upon condition of *not serving again during the war*?

I might let the thing rest here. This answer would be complete, were I to allow the charge of WALTER to be *true*; but, the charge is basely false. *No proposition of any sort was ever made by me, or by my authority, to the government*. The grounds of the charge were as follows. A few days before I was brought up for judgment, I went home to pass the remaining short space of personal freedom with my family. I had just begun farming, and also planting trees, with the hope of seeing them grow up as my children grew. I had a daughter fifteen years of age, whose birth-day was just then approaching, and, destined to be one of the happiest and one of the most unhappy of my life, on that day my dreadful sentence was passed. One son eleven years old, another nine years old, another six years old, another daughter five years old, another three years old, and another child nearly at

hand. You and Perceval might have laughed at all this. It was your turn to laugh then; but, the public will easily believe, that, under the apprehensions of an absence of years, and the great chance of loss of health, if not of life, in a prison, produced nothing like laughter at Botley! It was at this crisis, no matter by what feelings actuated, I wrote to my Attorney, Mr. WHITE, in Essex Street, to make the proposition stated above. But, fits of fear and despair have never been of long duration in my family. The letter was hardly got to the post-office at Southampton before the courage of my wife and eldest daughter returned. Indignation and resentment took place of grief and alarm; and they cheerfully consented to my stopping the Letter. MR. PETER FINNERTY was at my house at the time; a post-chaise was got; and he came off to London, during the night, and prevented Mr. WHITE from acting on the Letter. I suffered my heavy punishment, but I have preserved my life, health, and the use of my pen, and, what I value still more, is, that all this family have also had uninterrupted health, are all strong in frame and sound in mind, and have imbibed an everlasting hatred against those corruptions, which have finally brought their country into its present state of misery. Now, Mr. FINNERTY, whom I have not had the pleasure to see for some years, is alive and in London. Mr. WHITE is also alive. The public will be sure, that I should not dare to have made the above statement if it had not been true to the very letter. And thus endeth the *First Charge* of Walter.

His SECOND Charge is that of *inconsistency*; that is to say, that I formerly held opinions, that I do not now hold; but, which former opinions were in direct opposition to those which I now hold and which I now promulgate so much to the sorrow and the annoyance of the corrupt. Now, GEORGE, what a foolish charge is this! What do we live for but to correct our errors; to grow wiser from experience; and to do better at last than at first? Besides

have not I been the first to state not only that I was in error, but to give the reasons for the change. God forbid, that I should rely upon your example as a justification of any part of my conduct; but, have not you, after having, for years, been a strenuous supporter of *Friendly Societies*, recently declared them to be mischievous, and that *Saving Banks* are the thing? Did you not *oppose*, with all your might, the *Corn Bill*, in 1814, and did you not support the same bill, or, at least, *not oppose it*, in 1815? But, has not the parliament passed scores of laws, and afterwards repealed them upon a change of opinion? However, I choose rather to take, as far as I can without profanity, the example of ST. PAUL, who was, at one time, not only *not a Christian himself*, but a *persecutor* of the Church of Christ, and who, notwithstanding this, became at last the *greatest* of all the Apostles, and, in fact, was, more than all other men put together, the cause of the triumph of that religion which he had once so eagerly persecuted. I have never heard any one accuse St. Paul of *inconsistency*; no one, that I know of, has ever called him a *turn-coat*; yet, it would be inconsistent indeed to deny that he was a turn-coat, if I am one. I can remember, when I most firmly believed, that *your pamphlet* about the Finances, which I first read in America, was all *truth and wisdom*; and, am I to be called a *turn-coat*, because, upon examination, with the advantage of additional knowledge, I find it to be a heap of *falsehoods and nonsense*? I once most firmly believed, that the Ministers, Pitt, Dundas, and their associates, were the most pure and honest of men; but, did I become a turn-coat because I did not look upon them in this light after the exposures of 1804 and 1805? When in America, and for a year or two after I came home, I did not believe that there could be any such thing as *seat-selling*; but, was I a turn-coat, because I did believe it after the famous disclosures of the famous year 1809?

No, GEORGE, this is not being a

turn-coat; a turn-coat means a wretch, who changes his principles and language for *hire*; and, until WALTER can bring some proof of my ever having received, or asked for, any thing of any sort from the government, all his trash about my change of principles will avail Corruption nothing. It may be a subject of regret with Corruption, that I was not fool enough to persevere in error; but it is no subject of regret with the friends of freedom, who, on the contrary, rejoice at it exceedingly.

What has been said is quite enough to satisfy any one, that the charge is foolish and false; but, since I have thought it right to answer the charge, I will not stop here. I will show, I will *remind you*, that, not only have I not changed from any bad motive, but that, if I had been base enough to be a dependent of the Treasury, I might have been in that state, and, doubtless, might have escaped all punishments, and might, like other writers, have grown rich at the public expense, and have quartered my family upon that same public. I will tell my story in plain language, GEORGE, and, if it makes any disagreeable disclosures, thank WALTER, the Romsey JACKSON and his prompters, and others of that description.

When I began writing in America, the country raged with attacks on PITT and on ENGLAND. I was an Englishman, and following that impulse, which was so natural to my spirit and my age, under such circumstances, I took the part of my country, without knowing much, and, indeed, without caring much about the grounds of her war against the people of France. I had read little at the age of twenty-eight, and I had had no experience in such matters, having been in the army to the age of twenty-six, from the age of sixteen or seventeen. I knew that I was an Englishman, and, hearing my country attacked, I became her defender through thick and thin, always confounding the government of my country with *my country herself*. That I laboured

with great effect is well known; and, it is also well known, that, amidst the turmoil of passion which existed in that country, I was finally most unjustly compelled to pay an amount of damages, which, together with the consequences of it, actually deprived me of every shilling I had in the world, and sent me home upon a subscription, raised by some very worthy men in Canada.

Now, it has been asserted, and particularly by a base tool of Corruption, who publishes a news-paper at EXETER, that, when I came home, I was *disappointed*; that the government did not receive and reward me agreeably to my deserts; and, that, THEREFORE, I *turned against it*. You, George, know this to be false. However, the facts were these. Very soon after my arrival, I was invited to dine at Mr. WINDHAM's, who was then Secretary at War, and I did dine in company of PITT, who was very polite to me, and whose manners I very much admired. At this dinner, besides the brave and honest (though misguided) host, were Mr. CANNING, Mr. FRERE, Mr. GEORGE ELLIS, and some others, whom I do not now recollect. I was never presumptuous in my life, and I regarded this as a great act of condescension on the part of Mr. WINDHAM, and more especially on the part of Mr. PITT, of whose talents and integrity I had then the highest possible opinion; for I, at that time, had no idea of such things as Bank Bubbles and Lord Melville's accounts.

What reception could be more flattering to a man, who had been a private soldier but a few years before, and who, even then, had not more than six or seven hundred pounds in the world? I was well aware, that Mr. PITT never admitted news-paper writers to such an honour. What reason, therefore, had I to be discontented with my *reception*? However, I might, it will be said, look for something more *solid* than this. You, George, well know that I did not; and, you also know, that I had

something more solid offered to me. And, this it was. JOHN HERIOT was, at that time, the proprietor of two news-papers, called the SUN, and the TRUE BRITON, the former an Evening and the latter a Morning Paper. I had heard, that these two papers had been set on foot by you, who were then one of the Secretaries of the Treasury, and that, when set on foot, the profits of them had been given to HERIOT. Now, mark, that Mr. HAMMOND, who was then Under Secretary of State in the Foreign Department, offered to me the proprietorship of one of those papers as a gift, and I remember very well that he told me, that this offer was made in consequence of a communication with you, or your colleague Mr. LONG, I forget which. This was no trifling offer. The very types, presses, &c. were worth a considerable sum. Mr. HAMMOND, who was a very honest as well as a very zealous and able man, had behaved with great kindness to me; had invited me frequently to his house, where I dined, I recollect, with Sir WILLIAM SCOTT, with Lord HAWKESBURY (now Lord Liverpool), and several other persons of rank; and, in short, had shown me so much attention, that I felt great reluctance in giving the following answer to his offer: "I am very much obliged to you and to the gentlemen, of whom you speak, for this offer; but, though I am very poor, my desire is to render the greatest possible service to my country, and, I am convinced, that, by keeping myself wholly free, and relying upon my own means, I shall be able to give the government much more efficient support, than if any species of dependence could be traced to me. At the same time, I do not wish to cast blame on those who are thus dependent; and I do not wish to be thought too conceited and too confident of my own powers and judgment, to decline any advice that you, or any one in office, may, at any time, be good enough to offer me; and, I shall always be thank-

ful to you for any intelligence or information, that any of you may be pleased to give me." Mr. HAMMOND did not appear at all surprized at my answer; and I shall always respect him for what he said upon hearing it. His words were nearly these: "Well, I must say, that I think you take the honourable course, and I most sincerely wish it may also be the profitable one." I ought not, upon this occasion to omit to say, that I always understood, that Lord Grenville, who was then Secretary of State for Foreign Affairs, was not one of those who approved of the baseness and dependence of the press.

Now, Mr. HAMMOND is alive; and, I am sure, if appealed to, he will not deny that what I have here stated is true. I do not mean, of course, to be exact as to every word; but as to the substance, as to the full and fair meaning, I engage that Mr. HAMMOND, whom I have not seen for twelve or thirteen years, will frankly vouch. It is not pleasant for me to name persons in this way; nor would I do it merely for my own character; but, when the cause of my country is attacked through me, I think myself fully justified in detailing all the circumstances, and in appealing to all the evidence that exists.

There occurred, about the period last spoken of, a circumstance which brought me in contact with you, George; and the statement of it will show how careful I was to guard my fingers against touching public money. I had brought home with me a large trunk or two of old books. These, when I arrived at Falmouth, the Collector, Mr. PELEW, told me I ought not to pay duty for, as they were merely library books and for private use, and not intended for sale; but, that he could not remit the duty; that the trunks must go round to London; and that, a memorial to the Treasury, addressed to you, would give the books untaxed. I addressed such memorial to you; and, I received for answer, that the duty must be paid, but that

the *Treasury* would give me the amount. No, thank ye, said I. I wanted no communication of this sort. I paid the duty, and left you the money to lay out in some other way. This was a trifling sum; but, it shows how scrupulous I was upon this head. Little did I imagine, that you possessed an estate in Hampshire at that time, and that I should live to see troops of baronets and country 'squires creeping at your heels!

The news-paper, which I set up, very soon failed. It was not, I found, an affair of *talent* but of *trick*. I could not *sell paragraphs*. I could not throw out hints against a man's or woman's reputation in order to bring the party forward to pay me for silence. I could do none of those mean and infamous things, by which the daily press, for the far greater part, was supported, and which enabled the proprietors to ride in chariots, while their underlings were actually vending lies by the line and inch. For a short time I was without writing at all, when, the change of Ministry having put Addington in place, and Mr. WINDHAM in the Opposition, the latter, with Dr. LAURENCE, prevailed on me to undertake a *weekly paper*, and they engaged to enable me to set it on foot, for, really, I had not myself the means. But, these advances were made and expended upon the *express* and *written* conditions, that I should never be under the influence of any body. The money was to be looked upon as sunk in the risk; and *I was never to be looked upon as under any sort of obligation to any of the parties*. It was long before I would consent to the thing at all; but, when I did, it was upon these *express* and *written* conditions. And never did any one of the persons who advanced the money, attempt, in the slightest degree, to influence my opinions, which were frequently opposed to their own.

When the *Whigs*, as they were called, came into power, and when Mr. WINDHAM came to fill the high office of Secretary of State for the War and

Colonial Departments, every one thought, that *my turn* to get rich was come. I was importuned by many persons *to take care of myself*, as they called it. But, as soon as I found from him, that he actually *was in place*, I told him, "now, Sir, to make all smooth with regard to me, I beg you to be assured, that it is my resolution to have no place, and not to touch one single farthing of the public money, in any shape what-ever;" and justice to his memory demands that I should say, that he, upon that occasion, told me, that I never should forfeit any part of his esteem by opposing the ministry; "no," said he, "nor even by any censuring that you may think it your duty to pass upon my own conduct." Mr. WINDHAM is not alive to appeal to; but, my LORD FOLKESTONE is, and his Lordship, though not present upon this particular occasion, was well acquainted with all the facts, and, I shall not easily forget, that I was, by Mr. WINDHAM, made the bearer of an offer of a Lordship of the Admiralty to LORD FOLKESTONE, which the latter (will you believe it, George!) *declined to accept of*, though it was a clear thousand a year for doing little or nothing!

After these transactions came the prosecution under Perceval and by the mouth of Gibbs, of which I have spoken before, and the misrepresentations with regard to which have given rise to this relation. If I am asked how it happened that *Walter* came in possession of the fact of my having written to Mr. WHITE the letter which was recalled by Mr. FINNERTY, I answer, that I cannot tell; but, that I suspect that it was communicated to him (with a suppression of the recalling) by a wretch whom *he knows* to be without an equal in the annals of infamy, not excepting the renowned JONATHAN WILD, and which wretch I will, when I have time, drag forth, and hold him up to the horror of mankind.

Now, GEORGE, I am aware, that I have bestowed too much space upon matters belonging to myself; but,

there was a necessity for saying something, not for my own sake, as I said before, so much as for the sake of the cause of the country, which has, by the hirelings of the press, been attempted to be stabbed through me, who have now so large a portion of the press in my hands. It would not become me to be answering calumnies every week of my life; but, I beg the public to bear in mind, that if every dirty and foolish attack does not draw me *instantly* forth, they may always confidently rely, that no man will ever be able to bring against me any charge involving *dishonesty* or *dishonour*, that I cannot, and that I will not, *prove to be false*. There is another circumstance, to which the people ought to attend; and that is, that there is such a thing as *envy* as well as *hatred*, and that the *effects* of the former are very nearly the same as those of the latter. There are writers, who pass for very good friends of freedom, and, indeed, are so very much attached to the cause, that they cannot endure the idea of a *rival*, especially if he carry away, however unintentionally, a considerable part of their readers, that is to say of their *profits*. I have read of a nation of savages, who entertain the strange notion, that when any one murders another of superior strength or talent, the murderer instantly becomes possessed of the envied qualities of the deceased. I rather think that the writers of a paper called the *INDEPENDENT WHIG* are no very remote descendants of this singular nation.

Having disposed of these calumniators *for the present*, and until they have had another *run* of a month or two, I now come, GEORGE, to notice your *Saving Bank Bubble*. You were for a long time, the great patron of *Friendly Societies*, and procured several acts of parliament to be passed for their encouragement. But, as if by inspiration, you, all at once, discovered, that these were bad things; that they collected men together; that when so collected, they got drunk and *talked*, the naughty rogues! Yes, and even *talked* politics too! And, it

might have been added, that they very frequently heard one of their members *read the Register*! It must be confessed, that this was intolerable, and, therefore, no one could be surprised when you came out with your new scheme of *Saving Banks*, by the means of which the pennies of the poor were to be put together, *while their persons were kept asunder*! What a bubble! At a time, when it is notorious, that one half of the whole nation are in a state little short of starvation; when it is notorious, that hundreds of thousands of families do not know, when they rise, where they are to find a meal during the day; when the far greater part of the whole people, much more than half of them, are paupers: at such a time to bring forth a project for collecting the *savings* of journeymen and labourers in order to be *lent to the government* and to form a fund for the support of the lenders in sickness and old age!—The Company of Projectors, who, in the reign of George the First, wanted a charter granted them for the purpose of “*making deal boards out of saw-dust*,” this Company just saves you from the imputation of having, in the Saving Bank Scheme, been the patron of the *most ridiculous* project that ever entered into the mind of man. This scheme was, it seems, of *Edinburgh* origin. That seat of all that is servile in politics and religion. That favourite resort of supple slaves and quack critics, whose conceit and impudence are surpassed only by their shallowness and dirty ambition. The object of the scheme was, to make the poor people believe themselves to be *fund-holders*, and, thus, to range them on the side of the paper-system. How foolish the scheme was is now seen; but the object of it ought not to be forgotten.

But, let us see a little how the matter would have stood, if you could have prevailed on the labouring people to give up two, three, or four pence a week each. In the space of seven years, at 4*d.* a week, a man would have deposited 6*l.* 1*s.* 0*d.*; and, if accu-

culated interest were added, the amount at the end of the seven years, would have been about seven pounds. So that, by pinching a little out of his already too small wages, he would, at the end of seven years, have possessed 7 pounds. But, all this time, he must have *full employment*, and must enjoy *uninterrupted health*. However, the curious thing would be, in this case, that, while he was *saving* this sum out of his scanty meals, he would as things now are, pay *seventy pounds to the government in taxes*, which at the rate of interest supposed in the former case, would, at the end of seven years, amount to about *eighty-two pounds*!

I have here supposed the case of the common day-labourer who receives no more than seven shillings a week; and, whether we take the beer, salt, leather, soap, candles, tea, sugar, tobacco, spirits, &c. which each family use, or whether we take the number of families and compare it with the total amount of the taxes, we shall find, that every such man really does pay 10 pounds a year out of 18 pounds of wages, and that Mr. PRESTON's calculation is not at all exaggerated. Mr. PRESTON is a lawyer of great eminence; he has, (whether to his profit or not, I do not know) become possessed of a great, or, at any rate, an extensive landed estate; he is a Member of Parliament for a *borough*; and, what is more, he has always been a staunch *Pittite*, and so, (with what degree of consistency is not for me to say) remains to this hour. He is, therefore, *no Jacobin*; he does not want *confusion*; he cannot desire to see all property *destroyed*. And yet he distinctly asserts, that, out of 18 pounds of wages, every labourer pays 10 pounds in taxes, and I know that he asserts what is correct, except that he has, very wisely, kept within bounds.

This being the case, what a famous Saving Bank System might be adopted by taking off the labourer's taxes, and by putting the ten pounds a-year into an accumulating fund! Then, at the end of seven years of health and

of industry, the labourer would be possessed of eighty-two pounds, which would be something indeed, not only to ward off misery from times of sickness and old age, but to give a man a *start* in the world. You will, I know, say, that the government *stands in need of these taxes*. I know it does, according to the *present system of expence*, which I contend ought to be changed. But, at any rate, this is nothing to my argument; for what I say, and indeed, what I *prove*, is, that it is a scheme little short of a sign of madness, to propose to *better* the lot of the labourer by inducing him to pinch his belly to the amount of six pounds in seven years, while, in that same seven years, seventy pounds are paid by him in taxes.

The scheme for *preventing the labouring classes from marrying* has in it an equal portion of folly with the addition of a very large portion of insolent cruelty. The apprehensions of the government, and of those who depend on it, have given rise to numerous inventions. They are alarmed, and very justly, at the enormous increase of the poor-rates, which, since the commencement of the war against the people of France, have swelled up from $2\frac{1}{4}$ millions to eight millions a year in England and Wales alone; and, we must observe, that these rates have increased in amount *more* within the *last* ten years, than within the *twenty* years before. Besides, there is no probability, that they have not *now* arrived at the pitch of ten or twelve millions a-year. This I have, for *more than eleven years past*, been foretelling; and, I now foretel, that, if the present system be persevered in, and, if a *reform of the parliament do NOT take place*, the poor-rates will, in three years from this day, amount to more than the *whole of the rental of the kingdom*, houses, lands and all.

Of this, I believe, many gentlemen even in parliament, are now well convinced; and, therefore, divers *schemes* are on foot to prevent this dreadful catastrophe. The only scheme that could be effectual would be to reduce

the taxes to what they were before the French wars; but, this scheme is never mentioned by any of the *schemers*, some of whom have proposed to refuse parish relief to all persons who are *able* to work, whether they can get work or not; and, the *COURIER* newspaper, in putting forth a justification of this scheme, said, that "we must be *cruel* to be *kind*."—Meaning, that the poor must be made to *suffer*, in order to prevent them from *marrying* and *increasing*. One of the Correspondents of the Board of Agriculture reckons the *early marriages* of the labouring classes amongst the chief causes of the national distress, and another proposes to visit with severe punishment the parents of *bastards*. So that here the labouring classes, who *raise all the food*, build *all the houses*, make *all the clothes*, get in *all the fuel*, are to have no share of those enjoyments, which nature has insured to them by her very first and most imperative laws. But, this doctrine of celibacy, as dished up for the labouring classes, and the origin of which I shall presently notice, would have passed without any particular observation on my part, did I not believe, that it was really intended by some persons, to be *acted upon*, during the ensuing session of parliament. One would suppose, that that assembly must anticipate work enough without entertaining such a scheme; but, the scheme is a favourite with all those (who are very numerous) who look upon the poor as *rivals* in the work of tax-eating, and who begin to see, that, unless the poor-rates can be reduced, they cannot go on with their present receipts. The corrupt press, has, too, been busy in putting forth the scheme and recommending it to be adopted. In the *Country*, the *Justices* talk about it. I met one last summer, when the following dialogue took place. J. "Well, Mr. Cobbett, what are we to do with the poor next winter?"—C. "We must feed and clothe them."—J. "*Something* must be done to get rid of this intolerable burden, or else the land must go uncultivated, for no man can pay

"rent and rates too."—C. "Yes, Sir, *something* must be done, but we cannot begin with the poor. They *must* be fed, and they *will* be fed, whether *rents* be paid or not."—J. "But, do you think, that they ought to be allowed to marry and then to come to *others* to keep their children for them?"—C. That is a large question, Sir. They would want no others to keep their children, if the articles they consume were not all so heavily taxed as to take from them more than the half of their wages."—J. "Ah! we shall never see the government taxes taken off. They are wanted."—C. "Then, I am quite sure, that our poor-rates will soon be double what they are now."—J. "But, Sir, do you not think, that the poor-laws have been very much *misunderstood*, and that the Act of Queen Elizabeth never meant that the *able* poor should be relieved."—C. "The Act meant, that all should be relieved, who were *unable* to procure subsistence themselves; and, common sense appears to me to say, that it is of no consequence whether the *disability* consists in bodily weakness or in a want of employment."—J. "There must be an act passed to prevent the poor from *marrying*. What is done cannot be undone; but, they should have *warning*, that those who have children in consequence of *future marriages*, will have no relief, and that, if they marry, they do it at their peril."—C. "An act so at war with justice and nature never will be passed, and, if it were, it would bring swift destruction on all who attempted to put it in force."

Now, this was a very good sort of man; by no means one of those harsh and unfeeling men that we sometimes meet with in such offices; and, I am very sure, that his modesty would have prevented him from making these observations, if the opinions had not become *very current* in his circle. The father of this dreadful scheme was Mr. MALTHUS, a Clergyman of the Church of England, who, seeing the alarming

increase of pauperism, seems not to have looked at the *real cause*, the *taxes*, but to have cast about him for some means of checking the increase of the *breed*; as if paupers were a *distinct race* amongst human beings, as wolves and asses are amongst four-footed animals. Mr. MALTHUS, however, has received a complete answer from the pen of Dr. CHARLES HALL, in a work published by the latter in 1813, and from which work I shall here insert an extract, requesting all *labouring men* as well as all Members of Parliament to read it with attention.

Mr. MALTHUS, after stating the evils of pauperism, and expressing his wish to check them, says: "*To this end I should propose a regulation to be made, declaring, that no child born from any marriage taking place after the expiration of a year from the date of the law; and no illegitimate child born two years from the same date, should ever be entitled to parish assistance. After the public notice, which I have proposed, had been given, to the punishment of nature he should be left; the punishment of severe want: all parish assistance should be rigidly denied him. He should be taught that the laws of nature had doomed him and his family to starve; that he had no claim on society for the smallest portion of food; that if he and his family were saved from suffering the utmost extremities of hunger, he would owe it to the pity of some kind benefactor, to whom he ought to be bound by the strongest ties of gratitude.*"

Is not this enough to fill the labouring classes with indignation and rage? But, now let us hear Dr. HALL's able answer. "The treatment of this labouring man, I cannot help saying, appears to me not only *inhuman* to the last degree, but *unjust* and *iniquitous*. I will ask, why is he thus treated? Because, it will be answered, *he does not produce by his labour sufficient to maintain his family*. But, I say he produces *six or eight times as much as his family requires*, but which is taken *from him by those who produce nothing*. What is he entitled to

is, all that his hands have made or produced, the whole fruits of his labour, not that pittance his wages enable him to purchase. That he has produced what I assert, is literally true if he is an husbandman; and if he is an artificer, the labour which he applies in his trade, would, if it was suffered to be employed on the land, do the same. It is not true that he has doomed himself, or that nature has doomed him and his family to starve; that cruel doom is brought on by the rich. If any are to be treated in this cruel manner, it is those who have been rich, and who have never produced any part of all they have consumed. But none ought to receive such hard usage. The poor labourer is to receive no assistance from others, because, it will be said, it will be a burthen on the rich. I say he is no burthen on the rich; and that, instead of receiving any thing from them, he gives them seven parts out of eight of what he produces. He is under no ties of gratitude to them; and if he had sensations of an opposite kind, it might hardly be wondered at. Are the bees who produce the honey under obligation to the drones for eating it? Are the bees a burden to the drones, and not the drones to the bees?—But who are the poor men that are to wait before they marry, and to what time are they to wait? I answer, that not this or that individual, but none of the labourers, or any of the common mechanics, can rear a family without the greater part of them perishing for want, even with the interest of all the money they can possibly have saved during the time they are single.—Are they, therefore, never to marry? Are not those rather to remain single, who do nothing to support themselves or the children they may have? And for whose benefit are the poor to remain single, to be abstemious and continent? For those, I say, who wallow in waste and luxury, sensuality and lust

"No restraint can be justly imposed on any, unless they receive all the advantages that may be derived from it."

Let those, therefore, *ponder well*, who have this scheme in their heads. But, it is curious that a *Clergyman of the Church of England* should have been the father of this doctrine. That Church quarrelled with the Church of Rome, in part, and, perhaps, principally, because the Church of Rome *does not permit her Clergy to marry!* And, though Mr. MALTHUS may have forgotten it, one of the *Articles of the Religion* of the Church of England and in which Articles Mr. MALTHUS has, of course, *sworn* that he believes, reprobates the doctrine of abstaining from *marriage*, as being *Hostile to the Word of God*. The same Article says, that it is "lawful for all Christian men to marry at their own discretion." At the solemnization of matrimony, the Church prays thus: "O, Merciful Lord and heavenly Father, by whose gracious gift mankind is increased; We beseech thee assist with thy blessing these two persons, that they may both be fruitful in procreation of children, and also live together so long in godly love and honesty that they may see their children christianly and virtuously brought up to thy praise and honour, through Jesus Christ our Lord." And, at the Churching of woman, these words are uttered: "Lo, children and the fruit of the womb, are an heritage and gift that cometh of the Lord.—Like as the arrows in the hand of the giant: even so are the young children.—Happy is the man that hath his quiver full of them: they shall not be ashamed when they speak with their enemies in the gate."

For what, then, are the *labouring classes* in this kingdom to be shut out of this state of life? Why are they not to have children? Why are they not to possess this "heritage?" Why are they to be deprived of sharing of these *gifts* and these *blessings*?—Why, in short, are they to be con-

sidered as brutes; as live stock upon a farm?

But, if this Clergyman of the Church and his abettors thought it necessary to check the increase of the labouring people's children, how came they to overlook the increase of the *children of the Clergy* themselves? Will they say, that the *poor Clergy* do not receive *parish relief*? The Clergy all together receive, according to Mr. ARTHUR YOUNG's calculation, more than *five millions* of pounds a year in England and Wales only, and there is but about *fifteen thousand* of them in England and Wales, while there are *millions* of labouring people. But, this is not all; for, while the Clergy of the Church receive this immense sum annually, and while some of the Bishops have more than *twenty thousand pounds a year each*, and many of the other Clergy two large livings each, there have been granted, for some years past, a *hundred thousand pounds a year* to assist in the maintenance of the *poor Clergy* of the Church of England. This is a mere gift out of the taxes, a large part of which taxes are *paid by the labouring classes*; and, what insolence as well as what cruelty and injustice is it, then, to propose to prevent the labouring classes from marrying, lest they should become chargeable to the parish, while these poor Clergy who marry and have children without any attempt at hinderance, are actually chargeable, and actually receive relief, out of those very taxes, a large part of which come out of the wages of the journeyman and labourers? Let Mr. MALTHUS answer this question if he can.

And, now, GEORGE, in conclusion, let me first observe, that you and your sons (to say nothing of your dependents), receive a very large sum of the public taxes or loans annually, and put this sum into your private pockets. The receipt of *four thousand three hundred and twenty-four pounds* a year by yourself as Treasurer of the Navy is a *salary*, and this is within two thousand of the sum paid to the President, or Chief Ruler, of the United States of America, though that

nation is nearly as populous as Great Britain, and though she has nearly as much trade and commerce, and is much more difficult to defend than this nation, and more difficult to govern than this nation might be. Next, you have a *Sinecure*, which you have secured for your Son, GEORGE HENRY Rose, who is (if all remains tight) to enjoy it *for his life after your death*. This office, agreeably to an account given in by yourself, in 1810, yielded you upon an average, 4,946 pounds a year, though you stated that you did nothing for it. Next you have a *Sinecure* as Keeper of Records in the Exchequer, 400 pounds a year. Next your son, WILLIAM STUART Rose, has a *Sinecure* as Clerk of Exchequer Pleas, 2,137 pounds a year. Your son, GEORGE HENRY, is now, I believe, a foreign minister, and once was, as this nation has good reason to remember, a minister from this country to America, where the charges on his account amounted to much more than the President's salary. You yourself have received in *salary* more than 4,000 pounds a year upon an average of the last twenty six years. We will leave out the *ambassador*, and then the yearly receipt of you and one son, not including dependents and what we have not in the books, is as follows :

	POUNDS
Treasurer of the Navy.....	4,324
Keeper of Records	400
Clerk of Parliaments	4,946
Clerk of Pleas	2,187
	<hr/> £11,857

Or, in words, *eleven thousand, eight hundred and fifty seven pounds a year*. This is all paid by the people, and, in great part, by the *Labouring People*; and yet, no Mr. MALTHUS has the impudence to propose the passing of a law to prevent any of *your family* from marrying !

But, now, let us see what this would amount to if, instead of your having received it, it had been put into a

Saving Bank for the People. Your salary has been more than 4,000 pounds a year for twenty-six years .

	POUNDS.
The salary, at 4000l. a year	104,000
The Clerkship of the Parliaments you have had 28 years, at 4,646l. a year	138,488
Keeper of Records, 45 years, at 400l. a year	
Clerk of Pleas (I guess) about 20 years, at 2,187l.	18,000
	43,740
	<hr/> £304,228

We leave out the Ambassador, and also all that you have received *for bugs and war* ! This last, *without including your salary before you were Secretary of the Treasury*, would make a nice little sum. I cannot find the date when your son, *William Stuart Rose*, got his *Sinecure Place* of 2,187 pounds a year, but, I find him in a report dated more than eight years ago, and I take it at a *guess* at twenty years. At any rate, there are a good round *three hundred thousand pounds* in PRINCIPAL MONEY. I have not time to calculate the compound interest of it; but, if principal and interest should fall a little short of *half a million of pounds*, you will confess, at any rate, that this money, if it had remained amongst the people, might have formed a very nice *Saving Bank* !

Now, GEORGE, begging some Parson in your neighbourhood to send me an exact computation of the compound interest on your receipts, and giving the Romsey JACKSON full liberty to put this letter, particularly the last part of it, into print, and to circulate it freely amongst your voters and slaves of Southampton, Christ Church, and Lymington, I remain with such feelings as a man like me ought to entertain towards a man like you,

WM. CORBETT.

The next REGISTER will contain an Address to THE PEOPLE OF BRISTOL.

Entered at Stationers' Hall.

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